EPIGRAMES.

Serued out in 52. ſeuerall *Diſhes for euery man to* taſt without ſurfeting.

Medicum non nocet.

By *I. C.* Gent.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

To the Iudicious, Enuious *and foolish Reader.*

O you al: but to thee Iudicious Reader, as most respected, I submit my twelue nights trifles, (for so I may truely call them) being then made instead of Christmas Carrols; I know thou sha't finde manie errors in them, but I will not intreate thee to mend them, being too great a taske for thee, and my selfe hath forborne to doe it. I publish them not to purchace fame, nor reward, for I protest I haue beene as carlesse in writing them, as any reader can be in reading them, therefore I would desire thee to thinke charitably. As for you ennious Reader, I know your

mallice and ignorance is such, that were they the choicest flowers that grow vpon the mount of Pernassus *you would spitte your poyson vpon them, therfore I haue preuented you and sent you nettles. But for my simple plaine dealing Reader, I know if he could here but a baudie iest he'd grin like his owne picture, and sweare he had a good wit that made it, (I would be loath he should be forsworne) yet I shal stil hold him himselfe when he has spoke his best of me. But to my first Reader againe, the Romanes in their Epigrames did vse the true names of those they write of, and our Epigramitists do borrow their names of them, but I haue vsed bastard names, such as my fancie was father of, not waying whether they were proper to the nature of the Epigrame, as indeede there is no such necessitie. So farewell.*

Epigrames.

I.

THeres an out-landiſh man now newly landed,
With rare inuentions, rich conceited tires:
From Court vnto the Citty he is bandied,
To ſhew his wares which ſuddainely inſpires.
The inconſtant fancie of the fooliſh buyers,
The price is great, therefore the wares the better,
Halfe on't downe paid, halfe on't remaine his debtor
And this ſuperfluous waſte expence in ſpending,
Makes Courtiers euer borrowing, neuer lending.
Yet Ladies beſt ſpeed when thy ſpend moſt of all
For ſpend they nere ſo much their waſtes ſtill ſmall.

2

THis ſtraunger now is ſent for to the Cittie,
Where he does ſhew ſome relique of a faſhion:
A great ruffe rare, a little one that's pretty,
Another excelent with alteration.
The Citty Damſels giue more and pay better:
That I conclude your Cities waſtes are greater.

3

Philo is iealious and to his wife would proue,
That in a little iealouſie dwels much loue:
Which in her eare ſo often he did crie,
That ſhe at laſt began to edefie.
And ſaid deare husband henceforth I will be:
More ielous ouer you then you of me.
Which he like well and wiſht it would be ſo:
And now with leſſe miſtruſt from home doth go.
The whilſt ſome friend ſteps in then doth ſhe feare,
And ſtill is iealous *Philo* thou art neare.

Epigrames.

4.

A Madbraine vickar in a deſperate moode, (good
Would ſometimes ſweare to play at dice was
And he himſelfe would venter many a crowne,
Amongſt his beſt pariſhoners in the Towne.
The vicar loſt, yet knew no reaſon why:
Vnleſſe there were quick-ſiluer in the Die.
The Die was broake, quick-ſiluer there was none,
Yet was the vickars ſiluer quickly gone.

Time

8

WHat Gallant's this atir'd all in blacke,
It is no Courtier ſure, nor what do you lacke,
Some ordinary Gallant ten to one,
That liueth idly here about the Towne,
What is it he, I know him tis a Gull,
Thats conicatcht by euery ſcuruy trull,
His father's lately dead and he is heire,
Of large poſſeſſions and reuenues faire,
I haue heard ſome ſay, great Lordſhips to him fall,
Yet this I am ſure his maners are but ſmall.

9.

ANother Gallant who was light of heele,
Would take vpon him for to runne with any,
For he had run round about fortunes wheele,
And neuer yet was he out run by any,
He ran, and ran, some twenty yeares together,
And neuer lookt behinde him, till he met,
A Seriant at the shoulder, clad in leather,
Then he perceiu'd how he had runne in debt,
And now began to stay, yet he must on,
En'e faire and softly vnto prison.

10.

VArius the traueller who doth not know,
That has bin further than any map can show,
Or ventrous *Drake*, *Hawkins*, or *Forbisher*;
None ere receiu'd like grace of the Emperor,
The *Sophie* & he sworne brothers, twas his lot,
To drinke carouse in *Solymans* owne pot,
Yet here he staid not long, but still went on,
To take acquaintance of great *Praster Iohn*,
Where he was welcome, and it was his chance,
To kisse his empresse, and with his daughter dance,
His lies are monstrous great, and yet but young,
Gargantua sure was father of his Tounge.

17

A Pretty Creature of the lightest fashion,
Was early once inuited to a marriage,
Before the Cocke had giuen last relation,
Of the worlds beauty burner on his carriage,
Vp she was got, and got vnto her Truncke,
Wherein complexions were that better'd natures,
The very Dafla-downe-dilly of a Puncke,
Besides her Art puts downe Venetian features,
But now, either because of hast, or want of light,
Painted her face all red and her lips whight.

Who

12

WHo er'e will go vnto the preſſe may ſee,
The hated Fathers of vilde balladrie,
One ſings in his baſe note the Riuer Thames,
Shal ſound the famous memory of noble king *Iames*
Another ſayes that he will to his death,
Sing the renowned worthineſſe of ſweet *Elizabeth*,
So runnes their verſe in ſuch diſordered ſtraine,
And with them dare great maieſty prophane,
Some dare do this, ſome other humbly craues,
For helpe of ſpirits in their ſleeping graues,
As he that calde to *Shakeſpeare*, *Iohnſon*, *Greene*,
To write of their dead noble Queene,
But he that made the Ballads of oh hone,
Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on,

Theſe fellowes are the ſlaunderers of the time,
Make ryming hatefull through their baſtard rime.
But were I made a iudge in poetry,
They all ſhould burne for their vilde hereſie.

13.

CLodio ſome for thy feather take thee for a horſe
All for an Aſſe if thou but once diſcourſe.

When

14

WHen *Gatra* died great ſtore of wealth was foũd
In cofers, truncks, great cheſts, & leather bags,
In cubberds, hampers, and vaults vnder ground,
Iewels wrapt vp (in pollicie) with rags.
Some ſay he got more then the begger did,
That was ſo ritch and excellent at the trade,
Others thinke deuils mong'ſt his Angels bid,
Who vp to the necke in Common-wealth did wade
He was no Marchant beater of the burſe,
Nor neuer pleading at the barre did braule,
Yet he found meanes to bumbaſt out his purſe,
For many ſay he got the deuill and all,
Well ſay he did, it ſeemes he let him goe,
But now the diuell has him hele not do ſo.

Epigrames.

An Epita.

HEre lyes the man who dyed in paine,
Yet would haue liu'd to haue dyed againe,

Of Stone *the Ieſter.*

15

LOoke at what time Pomgranets do wax ſcant,
At the ſame time *Stone* witty ieſts doth want,
Then gainſt *Paules* pillers or ſome other poſt,
He leanes to finde his chapman whole giue moſt.
Oftentimes and others muſe at it,
So great a head ſhould haue ſo little wit,
The miracles not ſo great the ieſt once knowne,
Who i'ſt would looke for wit in any Stone.

16

I Gaue Coxhead more title to his name,
And cal'd him Coxcombe for his greater fame,
But he was angry, was he not a mome?
Who euer saw Coxhead without a Combe.

17

CLogo is knighted, but he knowes not by whom,
Sayes twas by a fine man and in a fine roome,
Well fare his wife yet, who is not such a babie,
But knowes what foole it was made her a Lady.

If

18

IF any man looke but on *Dabus* wife,
He is straight a Cuckolde he dares lay his life,
But if one talke with her then it is so,
Though all the sooth-sayers in the Towne say no,
But if you kisse her ay then he is vp in blood,
And sweares she beares two faces vnder one hoode.

19

ALl *Sims* valour consists in his Tounge,
He swore full mouth'd oathes,
He'd pocket vp no wrong,
When we that were with him,
Beleft him soone.
For wrongfully he did pocket vp,
A guilt siluer spoone.

Epigrames.

20

VNconſtant Fortune partiall in thy guifts,
Who puts poore gentle men vnto their ſhifts,
And croſſeſt them, and them vncroſſe againe,
For to be croſt you know is a helliſh paine,
But to be vncroſt, why ti's ten times worſe,
To haue more ſiluer on the ſword then purſe.

Why

21

WHy is base *Nemius* iudged to be ritch,
Because he lookes so grim and weares seale
Or cause he buyes commodities of Fish, (tings,
Of Cheese, of Butter and such other things,
Or ist because he talkes of Bondes and Billes,
Of Leases, and of morgaging of Land,
Of Lordships, Mannors, and of making willes,
Of many paunes that lie vpon his hand,
Or is't because like a great Alderman,
He weares a gown lac't round, laid down with furre,
Or miser like a pouch where neuer man,
Could thrust his finger but this Island curre.
All these are signes that he is not belyed,
And yet he has ten thousand markes beside.

Mem-

22

MOunſir *Montaingnis* to the Tailor owes,
Some forty ſhillings for his ſwaggering hoſe,
Taylor for mony came, *Mounſir* was ill,
Could not endure to looke vpon his bill,
The Taylor ſeeing that did him this grace,
To leaue his bill behinde but brought a mace.

If

23

IF any man of monsters chance to talke,
Or big boand Giants that this land did walke,
Cacus steps forth and telles you of his Sire,
And his long may-pole legs which reached higher,
Then strong imagination will giue leaue,
Or probability of truth receiue,
T'is but to signifie vnto this age,
His monstrous birth and high borne parentage,

28.

Lais all of deformity is compact,
Splay-footed, beetle-brow'd, crook't-backe,
I ask't her how it came she answers all,
When she was yong by an vnhappy fall:
But *Lais*, *Lais*, you might auoyded well,
The fall you had which made your belly swell.

29

Anus the ritch fat vſurer deſird,
To be a knight and yet was loath to giue,
The compleate ſumme which of him was requird,
And once a yeare a feaſt while he did liue.
Ambition yet gaue couetouſnes a blow,
That ſtroke two hundred pounds out of his purſe,
But of his knighthood ſuch great charge doth grow
That he repents of what he did disburſe,
And wiſely now his knighthood doth compare,
To pickle herring or tough martlemas beiſe,
(Which being eaten not for common faire)
Though it be ready bought yet playes the theeſe,
meaning as thoſe ſalt meates do ſteale down drinke
So doth his knight-hood ſteale away his chinke.

30

A Foole ſaith *Clinius* euery one would make him
I thinke they haue don't for ſo al men take him
Ti's marle they will offer being ſo common a rule,
For him himſelfe, to make himſelfe a foole.

Epigrames.

31

LOrd what a colle there was to be a Lady,
By mistris *Wood beeu* a gentlewoman,
Wife to yong *Hary boldfast*, Knight that may be,
Nay will be, though his fathers but a yeoman
Madnes has ceas'd on his wiues troubled braine,
Because the present time she was no Lady,
He seekes to comfort her and ease her paine,
She does not like this shall be nor this may be,
Shall *Maulkin* milke-maide her high words exalt,
In euery place before me I abhorre it,
Whose fresh gen: illity was pickt from malt,
What reason law or conscience haue you for it,
Away he went in hast, home knighted came,
And she was turnd from a mad dame to madam.

In-

23

FVrius a louer was, and had loving fits,
He lou'd so madly that he lost his wits,
Nay he lost nought yet grant I he was mad,
How could he loose that which he neuer had.

33

WHen Muske & Ciuet two nere kinſmen meete,
Each other in the middle Ile of *Paules*,
Straight they incounter with embraces ſweete,
From head vnto the foote each other falles,
Theile daunce a galliard out in complement,
And chaine each other to the boſome faſt,
Then ſay their prayers in curtſie and repent,
The negligence that hath betweene them paſt,
Then breath a while, without a word make ſtay.
Salute a freſh againe and ſo away.

34.

A Curious Gallant chanc't to haue a ſight,
Of theſe ſlight Epigrames firſt infancie,
Who Pedunt wiſe did tax them (not for ſpight)
Of their lame harſh vnmeaſurd quantities,
They halt not ſo to lie vpon the pariſh,
As much to ſay vpon the Printers hand,
The hole hath promiſed the lame to cheriſh,
But now he findes two Adiectiues to ſtand,
Ioyned together that ſmall fault or none,
One Adiectiue can neuer ſtand alone,

An Epitath upon Singer.

DEath was so bolde his dayes to shorten,
Who altogether liu'd by fortune.

Syl.

35

SYlla hath many parts that blaſe her fame,
All do not know her that know her name,
She Makes a Lute ſpeake in his airy voice,
Will force ſad melancholies ſelfe reioyce,
The Syrens tunes bewitching Trauailer,
Themſelues would be bewitcht ſhould they here her
Daunces without compare, paints beſt in Towne,
Yet for all this I know one puts her downe.

36

A Worthy Lady of great eminence,
Who holds all borrowed beauty in diſdaine,
Out of whoſe wiſedome ſhines her excellence,
The Muſes are attendant on her traine,
And they doe her and ſhe doth them ſuſtaine,
Her acute iudgement did vouchſafe to reede,
An Epigrame which this Booke doth containe,
And pai'd in words what ſhe will pay in deed,
(For Ladies nere make promiſes in vaine)
Were ſo much giuen for one iſt not a fall,
That for a Teſter (Reader) thou haſt all.

The

Epigrames.

Ænigma.

THe Court hath got the Citty with Childe,
Which well hath coſt their purſe,
The Country with it is beguild,
With whom it is at nurſe.

There

Epigrames.

THere is a thing which barkes not, yet doth bite,
Worse then the wildest beast A ( )

Phi-

37

PHrigio lay bed-rid now lies in his graue,
Look't like a ſpittleman and worſe diſeaſed,
His wife freſh, luſty, ſtately, gallant, braue,
Yet the ſame ſicknes was on her encreaſed,
Which ſhe brook't well, and made not ſuch a doe,
As you did *Phrigio* yet lay bed-rid to.

Epigrames.

An Epita.

HEre lies he knowne to his furd Cloake,
Liu'd like the Salamander by fire and ſmoake.

38

Vn has a wife but knowes not how to vſe her,
And yet he knowes too wel how to abuſe her.

Fi-

39

Icus was fat in body and in purſe,
And vnto Sea is gone himſelfe to purge,
Some fifteene hunderd markes he did diſburſe,
To receiue three for one, a tempting ſcourge,
To whip my Gallant vp the ſurging ſeas,
And daunce to Venice with a whiſtling winde,
There to euacuate for ſtomachs eaſe,
The home-bred crudities his fleſh did bind,
Of him we haue not heard vnto this day,
That I beleeue he's purged all away.

Seig-

40.

SEignior Tobacco that braue Caualier,
Came swaggering frō the Tauerne here & there
From wall to kennell, from kennell to the wall,
Was not land roome enough for him to saile,
At last he meetes a Dray-man with his carte,
And much good sport there was ere they did part,
For about wine and beare they did discourse,
Yet he knew not the Brewer from his horse.

41

A Country man who had ſome ſuite belike.
(With a blacke box downe pendant at his ſide)
Walking from Weſtminſter the ſtones did ſtrike,
With his naild ſhooes that euery ſtep did ſlide,
So came he making legs vp Ludgate hill,
And lookt as if he'd eate what he had ſeene,
At laſt he Ludgate ſpied and then ſtood ſtill,
Gaping vpon the picture of the Queene,
The priſoner gan his cry, then he for feare,
Started and askt if there the Lyons were.

42

SIsſie reports Angels appeare to her,
And comforts her in all extremity,
Nay and beſides they do preſſe neare to her,
Promiſing aide in great'ſt calamity,
But this you muſt ſuppoſe they come in night,
For *Siſſies* Angels neuer came in ſight.

43

Scilla can play on any inſtrument,
Yet neuer doth ſhe worke her owne content,
The reaſon is ſo they that know her ſay,
Becauſe ſhe giues her minde too much to play.

44

Caius thus complements at dinner; ſir will you ſit
By Ieſus Chriſt I will not eate a bit,
Vntill you come, but ſtraight doth call for beare,
Then by your fauour ſir, pleaſe you be here,
What wine do you drinke to aske hele neuer miſſe,
But hele be ſure you ſhall drinke none of his.

45.

A Wondrous thing, olde *Phiro* goes a woing,
To shew himselfe a Maid, longs to be doing.

46

PHantastique Pedants say these Poets are,
The vaineſt fellowes that liue vpon the earth,
In *Plato's* Common-wealth they banish'd were,
For ther's no musicke in them nor no mirth,
But whats the reason they thus Poets blame,
Because their dearth of wit requires the same.

Epigrames.

Epita.

HEre lies an Aſtronomer that ſtudied by the rule
Dyed becauſe the Starres allotted him a foole.

47

I Talkt with *Iulia* in good modeſt phraiſe,
Bu: ſhe my meanings and my words diſpraiſe,
And in a coyneſſe thus replies to me,
I am not her you take me ſir to be,
Well *Iulia*, ile beleeue what you haue ſaid,
But ile beſworne I tooke you for a maide.

Va-

48

CLinius misdoubtes himselfe, sayes that all men,
Doe ride and play vpon him now and then,
Fie *Clinius* fie, neuer make such strife,
Better they play on you then on your wife.

Luci-

49

Leius protesteth his loue blinded sight,
Sees in the darke best by his mistris light,
Or his light mistris, and it well may be,
For light Owles, do by Owle-light cleerest see.

When

50

WHen *Dicke* a letter to his ritch vncle writ,
He ſuperſcrib'd it to the R. worſhipfull,
Now I knew what he meant and ſmild at it,
To thinke how he would gul the kings leige people
He would haue writ the word right out at large,
But that he thought was not his vnckles due,
Yet I vpon me tookt for his diſcharge,
To make it ritch and that I am ſure was true,
Iudge where I wrong'd him now, or did't on ſpight
When I am ſure he would haue had it right.

51.

Flaccus hath loſt his noſe, but knowes not how, (it,
And that ſeems ſtrange to euery one that knows
My thinkes I ſee it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cauſe that he did loſe it,
To tell you true *Flaccus* I this ſuppoſe,
Twas ſome French Caniball bit of your noſe.

Ante-

52

ANtonio *Flora* ſtabd good reaſon why,
He being a Souldier ſhe gaue him the lie,
And yet the deſperate wench would nere refraine,
To giue it him till ſhe was ſtabd againe.

Epitaphium

An

Epigrames.

An Epigrame vpon a Booke intituled the *three Sisters, to a new Straine.*

STraind he not hard (thinke you) that straind such (sence,
From the three Sisters in their differenee,
To deale with Widdow, Wife, and Maid was paine,
That it was marl'e he did not ouerstraine.

REader I know not how I haue pleas'd thy mind,
With these rude Epigrams hai sh vnrefind,
But if they be not dreſt vnto thy taſte,
Then blame the Cooke for making too much haſt,
Ile ner'e make promiſe to remaine thy debter,
But if thou likſt them not, would thou hadſt beter.

FINIS.

Per Ignotum.

Latet anguis in herba.

WHen periur'd *Exlex*, with his lawyers bragges,
Had me discarded of my golden bags,
Feeding my minde with hope of victory,
By right of law and Iustice equity,
Next terme to Westminster I post in hast,
Where I was throwne & iudgement gainst me past,
All things went crosse, I lost the fees and farme,
Rode home to *Exlex*, crau'd of him to learne
The reason why: bending his angry brow,
O sir quoth he the case is altred now.

No

Necumenta, Decumenta.

Vxurio now diſdaines luſtfull deſire, (fire.
For ſtill you know the burnt childe dreades the

In naſum.

Naſus is ritch, indeede I ſo ſuppoſe,
Can he be poore that hath a ruby noſe.

Sic Iter ad aſtra.

INdeed inſooth, away preſtian,
Sweare bloody othes, I that becomes a man:
Indeede I ſee ſuch othes makes many a one,
Come to the height of *Buls* promotion.

FINIS.

Wants A1 (? blank). A6. B7. B8.
and (? blank) D8